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THE HOUSEHOLD---Supplement.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and cannot break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering
life;

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
— This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow riding in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are
still—

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn.
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone.
But ah! We do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine,
thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and
worn;
Lo! All things can be borne.

DETROIT HOUSE OF CORRECTION.

I paid my first visit to a penal institution of any kind the other day, when I went through the Detroit House of Correction. To silence invidious insinuations and would-be witticisms at the outset, I will say that I did not "go up" in the "Black Maria," and that no one made any objections to my departure when I was ready to leave. I was quite interested in what I saw and heard, and as a "newspaper woman" is always on the alert for whatever will make readable "copy," thought perhaps others might be entertained by learning something about this workhouse, as it is often locally called.

In the first place, the House of Correction is a private institution in that it belongs to and is managed for the city of Detroit, which has about \$500,000 invested in the buildings and "plant."

It is the only self-sustaining penal institution in the State; and chair-making is the business in which all the convicts are engaged during their enforced stay. The great vans piled high with chairs of various patterns, which the visitor in the city may see almost any morning en route to some of

the railroad depots or docks, all come from this manufactory.

The labor of the convicts is not contracted; the profits of their work accrue to the institution, and prices are kept up to the rates at which other manufacturing establishments sell the same grade of goods.

All the city criminals are here cared for without expense to the State. Prisoners from other parts of the State and from other States are often sent here, especially women; and their expenses paid by the locality sending; there are also many offenders who have committed crimes against the government, such as counterfeiting, sent here also, the United States paying for their keeping.

The institution is located in the eastern part of the city, which has grown up to and surrounded it. Its blank, windowless, whitewashed walls render it noticeable, and the sentries who night and day patrol them advertise its character. The Superintendent lives in a large and handsome residence across the street from the front of the buildings, and Detroit congratulates herself that "Captain Joe" Nicholson is the right man in the right place.

The visitor, entering the grounds, passes into a large hall, and sees in the vista before him a strong iron barred gate at the further end. The parlor, at the time of our visit, was occupied by a committee from the Legislature, appointed to look into the workings and methods of the institution. Less distinguished guests were ushered into a comfortable reception room, amply furnished with local product in the way of House of Correction chairs, where we waited until a party of ten had collected, paid the small fee required, which goes to purchase books for the prisoners' library, when we were escorted through the parts accessible to visitors. We went first to the dining-room, where the smell of dinner still lingered, and great piles of soap plates and cups were being put in order for the next meal. The room is filled with rows of "tables," as close as they can be placed; each "table" is a hardwood plank about 14 inches wide and long enough to accommodate six persons, and the chairs are hinged so that the seats fold up against the backs and permit easy entrance into the rows; the backs of each row of chairs are against the table of the next row behind. The only furniture of the tables was the wooden saltcellars. I should have liked to have been present at meal time, to have seen the etiquette of prison discipline.

From this room we went to the kitchen, whence proceeded a clatter which made

you think pandemonium had broken loose. It was only three convicts running a "hash machine," but they were doing it at the rate of about sixty revolutions to the minute. The chief cook, in a big apron and imposing paper cap, watched the process with all the dignity attaching to his superior position. At last they paused long enough to allow us to "hear ourselves think," and I took note of the great soup and vegetable kettles, the coffee boiler, which I should think would hold nearly two-thirds of a barrel of coffee, and the ranges on which other cooking is done. In the same room is the bakery, where a table perhaps six feet square, or larger, was covered with loaves of bread, which looked very fresh and appetizing; and where the boss baker stood by his glowing oven superintending the baking of another batch. The prison diet may not be particularly varied, but it is clean and wholesome, and probably not a few of these who partake of it never had their meals served with such promptness and regularity when they were at liberty. The workmen here were all prisoners.

Then we made a tour of the corridors in which the men's cells are located. These impressed me forcibly with the idea that the convict's lot is not a happy one. They seemed like closets. The space allotted each is seven feet in length by four or four and a half feet in width, and solid brick walls are on all sides except in front, where the iron door forms a still more impressive reminder of the restraint imposed. The beds seemed so narrow that the sleeper whose uneasy conscience made his dreams full of unrest would be in great danger of finding himself on the floor, which is partly covered by a strip of rag carpet. There is room only for this cot and a chair; several of the cells had tiny stands, many more had two or three hanging shelves in the corner, containing a few little personal belongings. The cells are arranged in two tiers, access to the upper being by a narrow iron balcony, and the cell doors are all closed and locked at one movement of a lever at one end of the row.

Next to the workroom, where 180 prisoners were weaving the bottoms of cane-seated chairs. All were clean shaven; some were young men, some old, perhaps all seemed younger because of the absence of beard or moustache. Absolute silence prevailed; it seemed strange to see so many men together in such perfect stillness, knowing as I do what an inexhaustible fund of conversation—of some sort or other—every individual of the sex possesses.

The room is in charge of two inspectors, who keep constant watch on the prisoners, pacing back and forth on elevated platforms.

A few of those nearest the door at which we entered surveyed us with furtive glances, most paid no attention whatever. All were working rapidly; they have a stint for each day, and are paid for whatever they do over and above their task. Some of them make a virtue of necessity and by their labor provide themselves with a small sum against their release. Then to the varnishing room, where chairs were being painted and varnished. One of the men who was daubing red paint on a rocker with great liberality, looked as if he might know how to paint a town the same lurid hue; he had the hardest face I think I ever saw, in its brutal ferocity of expression and repulsiveness of feature; it was the face of one who "feared not God nor regarded man." The face of another, who had lost part of one arm but managed the brush with considerable dexterity, worked into a sardonic grin as he leered at us, he had seemingly lost all sense of shame and self respect.

Then to the women's ward; through the laundry, where washing and ironing were going on, some sewing and similar work being performed. The faces of the women here were not good to look upon. Not one of them looked at us, nor did they seem to care for our presence. Somehow I could not help wishing to know the life history of one woman who sat sewing. Her abundant gray hair attracted my attention at first, and her face bore the traces of intelligence and refinement above her present position. How many, many tragedies of life might be told by those whose sins have led them down until the welfare of the world demands their retirement from it, into a prison!

The cells occupied by the women are similar in all respects to those of the men, except that nearly or quite every one had made some poor little attempt at decoration. One had a cheap fan tacked against the wall, pictures and cards adorned others; in one I saw a prettily bound breviary, in another a large doll was fastened over the head of the cot; several had small mirrors or bits of looking glass on the walls, showing woman's vanity is not crushed out by even a prison life. The taciturn guide said there were between 85 and 90 women in the institution at present, but we saw only those in the laundry and workroom. Like the men, they work at chair-making.

Life in a prison must develop the quality of watchfulness to an abnormal extent. I could not help but notice the eyes of our guide; their expression was that of one constantly on the alert, nothing seemed to escape his observation, yet he saw without seeming to see. I wonder if those eyes can ever close in restful, forgetful sleep! Somehow it does not seem quite possible. Being of an inquiring turn of mind I asked: "Suppose a few of the men in that large room should overpower those two who are on guard over them, and the rest join in an attempt to escape, what are the chances of success?" "None whatever," was the answer. "The only egress is through a door

into the yard surrounded on all sides by walls, and commanded by guards who with their Winchester repeating rifles could shoot down every person who attempted to scale them. Should any gain the hall, the iron gate would bar their way as effectually." The answer was conclusive.

While we were waiting in the reception room, two women who came in were, after a brief interval, conducted to another part of the building. We "sized them up" as mother and daughter who had come to see some relative under duress. And in our tour we saw the interview in progress. In a small room divided off by glass partitions, sat the two women, who were well dressed and looked respectable, and a young man, the son, probably, of the older woman, and between them sat a blue-coated prison official. It is his duty to be present at all such occasions, and he sits between the prisoner and his visitor to prevent the passage of any article or communication from the visitor to the visited, without proper investigation and inspection. And while we stood a moment in the hall, buttoning wraps and adjusting veils, the two women passed out, their painful visit over, their faces sad and tear-stained.

There were many questions I should have asked but for the taciturnity of our escort, who replied to every inquiry politely but in the fewest possible words, and the tranquillizing influence of the prevailing silence, in which the sentient beings about me seemed almost like automata, moving without volition or direction. I think that when we had made the grand tour I would have been glad to hear that hash machine again.

I have made up my mind to be a good citizen and not get "sent up." It's too quiet up there, the work is too monotonous, and I never did like mush. And yet, do you know, it seems as if the houseless, homeless, moneyless tramp, too low down to get work, often cold and always hungry, might think the House of Correction, and its warmth and food, the best place earth holds for him.

BEATRIX.

OUR ECONOMIES.

Our experiences seem to differ somewhat; some seem to be able to economize in one way, others in another. I too sometimes laugh at the experiences of others, and this time Huldah Perkins has stirred me up.

I have kept house only a few years, but my first year I tried many of the recipes in the HOUSEHOLD, and my experiments were in most cases pronounced successes; but when repeated many times, these economies soon became an old story. And when I have to use an extra allowance of butter and eggs to use up a little stale bread or bits of fried pork, then have only a small portion eaten, and the rest go to the pigs and chickens, or our one dog feast on the fruits of my exertion, I become disheartened and concluded it is better economy to save the eggs and butter, for they are cash.

I find too that my John and the others whom I serve like best meat, potatoes, vegetables, steamed corn bread, wheat bread, fried cakes and pies, with fruit to help along. Such food gives us better satisfaction than "fixed-up" dishes; and an

occasional new departure does not ruffle the even tenor of our way, but frequent ones do not please.

Then the dress-making! I will console Bruneille by telling her there are women who could not make a dress fit with a new lining, new goods and a perfect pattern; they are not. "built that way." I advise them to patronize the dressmaker, and hope they may always get a perfect fit, but I have known dressmakers to fail. Indeed, I have as good fitting a dress of my own work as any I ever hired made; and I have used old linings for calico and gingham dresses, with good success.

I suppose we all have our pet economies, and I try to spread mine out until it costs two cents to save one; then I mean to stop. But I feel like crying out in defense of, not two dogs, but one good dog, that tells when stock are out of place, helps put them back with a hearty good will, and for pay takes the leavings of the table that the pigs would otherwise get. I wonder if Huldah ever saw a good dog! Good dogs don't go mad.

VICTOR.

HOPEFUL.

ANOTHER FASHION IN RUGS.

If you have an old ingrain carpet, which is past putting down again, the best use you can make of it is to convert it into a rug. Wash it, rip it apart, cut into lengthwise strips, following the chain as a guide, sew the rags together and have them woven like carpet. You will need three pounds of the rags to make a yard of carpet. The chain should be "laid" in the loom by the weaver, not so close as for rag carpet, and three-quarters of a yard is wide enough for a rug.

To make a handsomer one, cut the strips in the same way, an inch or a little more in width, and ravel both edges, leaving just enough threads in the centre of each strip to hold it while being woven. This makes a very nice looking rug, but requires more rags and considerably more work.

DETROIT.

L. C.

THE LATEST STYLE IN PIE.

"Ring out the old! Ring in the new!"
And when you make an apple pie,
Bring out your chopper too.

Chop the apples fine, stir in sugar, spice, and perhaps a little boiled cider, until it tastes good. Then you can have half a dozen pies ready for the oven in less time than it takes to arrange the center of two in the old style; and they will seldom try your temper by running over. The filling for pieplant and cherry pie may be chopped in the same way, adding flour for these.

If the lady who covers her sad irons with a boiler cover, will take the bottom out of an old pan, and use the rim instead, she will find it an improvement; as the cold air will be kept from the base of the irons, while the handles receive no extra heat.

THOMAS.

A. H. J.

A READER of the HOUSEHOLD, referring to the directions for preparing oyster stuffing for turkeys in "The Christmas Dinner," issue of December 15th, 1883, wants to know how to remove the liver. What is known to cooks as the liver of an oyster is the "blue bunch" observable in the centre, which contains the simple digestive apparatus. And you remove it with a sharp knife

ONE WEEK'S BILL OF FARE FOR
A FARMER'S FAMILY.

[Paper read by Mrs. A. J. Sutton, of Seneca, at the Farmers' Institute at Adrian, January.]

While I considered the request of your secretary, and thought upon the magnitude of the subject, I thought I could not say anything that would be at all interesting, much less instructive, and I think so still. Again, I thought I could do vastly better with any other subject than this particular one, but as I don't like to see any shirking in such work as this, I will do the best I can.

In the first place I want you to understand that I think the farmers are the peers of this country; and if any one can live on the fat of the land, it is the farmer. I have lived in the city and on the farm, and the farm is my choice.

The poet says man can "live without friends, he can live without books, but civilized man can not live without cooks." And these farmers do not live altogether on faith, at least at our house they do not. But it is the farmers' duty to furnish the raw material in the best possible condition, in order to obtain the best results. There is just a time to harvest all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and a proper way to care for them to have them in the best edible condition. Unripe vegetables are no more fit to eat than unripe fruit, and no amount of cooking or seasoning will make them either palatable or healthy. A recent case of wholesale poisoning of French soldiers was traced to the solanine in potatoes. This esculent is often poisonous. If dug before maturity, the tuber is by no means safe, and if matured and then left in the ground and allowed to start a second growth it is no better, and if long exposed to light after being dug, is worse than no potato at all. And this is the case with many vegetables and fruits; they are neglected after ripening until they are unfit for food. And the wife may be ever so good a cook, ever so skillful in the culinary art, but she cannot make a substantial meal from this inferior food.

And in the next place, we would have a good cook stove and good wood. Poor wood has been the bone of many contentions in farm households.

And now let us see that our table is in trim order, neatly and tastefully arranged, the cloth well ironed and folded, not of necessity a white one, but a good red tablecloth is in my estimation just the thing for a farmer's table; with either towels or extra pieces of the red cloth to put under the plates of those who soil their sleeves, these to be replaced with clean ones as often as soiled. Or, what is better, furnish each laborer with a clean linen coat to slip on while eating. Have every dish scrupulously clean; and the castor and silver free from spot or dust. Some may say I am going to extremes, but remember I did not say that silverware was indispensable or even necessary. I believe it to be the duty of all to live within their means; but if you have silverware, for the love you bear your family, don't keep it just to use for company and on state occasions, but treat your family as if they were the best company you ever expected to have, and give them a liberal dose

of silver every day. It is more work to care for it when put away for dust and steam to tarnish than to clean it when used every day. There will be silverware when you are laid to rest, and the memory of "Mother's table" will be precious to our children.

If we keep our table nicely set for our family, there will be no great flutter and disturbance if a friend should happen to call just at meal time, but rather it should be to us a pleasure to seat them at the table and treat them the same as we do our family. The guest and the family too will feel more comfortable than if a great fuss is made to get out the silver and best dishes. When I was Lecturer of Lenawee County Grange, I remember one warm summer day, being fatigued and hungry, and stopping at the home of a farmer in comfortable circumstances to see if I could get accommodations for myself and horse. I was very cordially greeted and very hospitably entertained, but the lady of the house closed the dining-room door until the family were done eating, then the table was cleared and reset with silver and best dishes, and after an hour's delay I was treated to my dinner. I thought how much trouble it would have saved this tired wife to have let me sit down and eaten with the family. I would have been glad if she had but thought that what was good enough for her family, was good enough for a guest. Here is where we make a very great mistake in making a great stir and going to extremes for company; our aim should be to have as good a time as possible with a guest, at the least disturbance to our general rule of daily living. I think all will feel the better for it. I have been a guest many times when I have been made so uncomfortable by this constant worry (and fretting to have anything so nice, so beyond the general tenor of every day life, that I have felt really sorry for my hostess and wished I had stayed at home. But you will think I have prefaced long enough to come to the bill of fare, and this you can vary to suit yourself. Perhaps you will some of you think my evening meal too elaborate; it certainly would be for myself, as I never drink tea, and never take meat or potatoes for supper, but we have men help on the farm that demand this substantial food after a hard day's work, consequently we must furnish them that which they can relish. In summer I would furnish much ripe fruit, but in winter we must depend on canned fruit; I have made this bill of fare for this season of the year.

SUNDAY.

Breakfast—Graham gems; butter; maple syrup; coffee; fried cakes, and "Smiles of Affection."

Dinner—Pork and beans or cold rib, baked on Saturday; pickle, chow-chow; bread; butter; pie, temperance mince or pumpkin; peaches; celery; tea. Garnish this meal with "Peace and Good Will to All."

Evening Meal—Bread and milk, or mush and milk, with "Love to Neighbors."

MONDAY.

Breakfast—Potatoes, fried; pork fried crisp; fried mush; syrup; bread; butter; coffee; cookies; "System and Order."

Dinner—Potatoes, baked; onions, boiled, with cream; sausage; mince pie, seasoned with Harmony, Good Cheer and Encouragement; pickled cucumbers; apple butter; bread; butter; celery.

Evening Meal—Potatoes, mashed; pickled pigs' feet; onions, raw; raspberries; cake; celery; tea.

TUESDAY.

Breakfast—Cakes made of dry bread; butter; maple syrup; coffee; crackers; cookies.

Dinner—Potatoes mashed and seasoned with

a spoonful each of Perseverance and Good Temper; tomatoes, with rolled crackers and Benevolence; ham, fried; pickled peaches; apple dumpling, steamed; bread; butter; celery.

Evening Meal—Potato balls; lead cheese seasoned with Love and Patience; warm biscuit; butter; honey.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast—Potatoes; beefsteak; bread dipped in egg and fried; butter; coffee; cookies. *Lively Conversation.*

Dinner—Chicken with dumplings and gravy; potatoes, mashed, with Good Humor; cabbage; cranberry sauce; bread, brown and white, butter; celery. Garnish with Self-forgetfulness and Hopefulness.

Evening Meal—Cold chicken; potatoes; bread; butter; pears; warm ginger cake; celery; tea.

THURSDAY.

Breakfast—Oatmeal; potatoes; sausage; bread; butter; apple sauce; coffee; cookies.

Dinner—Roast beef; potatoes, baked; beets, boiled and sliced, seasoned with Wit and Humor; rice pudding; Johnny cake; butter; celery.

Evening Meal—Fritters with maple syrup; dried corn; sponge cake; tea; celery; "Charity to all Mankind."

SATURDAY.

Breakfast—Beefsteak; potatoes in milk; buckwheat cakes and maple syrup; coffee; snaps. By snaps I don't mean cross words.

Dinner—Baked pork and beans (but don't bake the pork in the beans, it makes them too greasy); potatoes; butter gravy; pickles; apple butter; raised biscuit; cherries; butter; celery.

Evening Meal—Potato soup, with a handful each of Friendship, Love and Truth thrown in; crackers; grapes; biscuit; butter; celery; tea.

This completes the week, and you can vary this programme to suit yourself and your means; remembering at all times to cook such food and in such a manner as your family like to have cooked. There is no rule that will apply to all, as our tastes differ, just as much as our dispositions.

PANSY CULTURE.

Grace L. requests advice and encouragement in regard to growing pansies. First of all, get good seed; a paper of the mixed varieties will be found the most satisfactory, as you secure a lovely and varied assortment for a small outlay. As all seedling plants, poppies excepted, I think, are better for transplanting as soon as real leaves are formed, the seed may be sown in the house in early spring in shallow boxes or pans, keeping the surface of the soil moderately warm and moist with damp paper until the plants appear; then transplant into good rich mellow soil out doors if not too early, so the ground is too sodden and cold for seedling plants; but if so put into other boxes, having not more than six or eight inches of soil, and not more than an inch of rim above to prevent the fresh air from reaching the plants, or they will damp off and never become healthy and stocky.

There is a great difference in degrees of success with pansies, and many another flowering plant, made by a thoughtful care of them in their tender babyhood. When they have attained strength and good roots, plant into good rich beds; for pansies "feed well" and seem to appropriate all they get of fertility and moisture and make returns accordingly. The very best situation for a bed is where they can get a morning sun-bath until about eight o'clock, then a shadow gently steals between until the last half of the afternoon. I have had just such a bed and such huge pansies, but the substance of the shadow passed from sight in a lurid glow painful to witness, last November. But I can still have flowers to comfort me, and I think them the most tender and faithful messengers of hope, and an every day and hourly relief from weariness and care.

Mrs. M. A. FULLER.

FENTON.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

The subject of adopting a national flower is now being agitated, and the National Association of Florists is to adopt a set of resolutions thereupon and submit them to Congress. But, before doing so, they wish a general expression from the people, so they may know what flower to select.

It is fitting we should have such a flower to represent the national sentiment. Other countries have a chosen emblem, usually one selected from its having sustained some part in a historical scene, or because of its supposed connection with the legendary lore of the country.

The royal arms of England support the union rose, shamrock and thistle engrafted upon one stem. The rose indicates the union of the red rose of Lancaster with the white rose of York. The shamrock owes its place there, not from the glamour of a historical past, but to the legend of St. Patrick's using it as an apt illustration of the existence of the Holy Trinity—the trefoil leaf being all one. The thistle is dear to Scotland because upon the occasion of the Danes invading the country, as they were noiselessly approaching the Scottish camp, a Dane stepping with his bare feet upon a spiny thistle was so startled that he exclaimed, and thus alarmed the whole camp. They were saved, so the story runs, by this very incident. But people tell us that Scotland is no longer the home of the Scotch thistle, but it is found here in much greater abundance than there. The farmers have been more active in exterminating it, while here our law is being constantly evaded and it is steadily increasing in numbers.

Why the leek, the emblem of Wales, was left off the royal arms of England, I do not know.

There are several flowers that are spoken of as appropriate for this purpose, common in the United States, among them the wild aster and the golden-rod. The latter has been called a purely American genus, but erroneously. Investigation has proved the existence of several European varieties, and one is found in England. But we have the largest interest in this beautiful genus, because there are a great number of varieties found here, over fifty growing in the eastern half of the United States.

They are wonderfully attractive, blossoming as they do when other foliage is already indicating the near approach of the death of the year. The color is just the one to harmonize best with its surrounding tints and brighten the landscape. It is found on the high dry mountains of the South, on the long stretches of marsh land in the East, on the prairies of the West, on the shores of Lake Superior, on barrens, in swamps; in fact, there is not a condition of soil or temperature which is seemingly unfit for its growth.

I have seen its dense heads of lovely, sunshine-like bloom along the dusty highway and wondered how it could flourish amid such vicissitudes. But its mission is to afford color in the most unexpected of places, to make glad the deserts and wildernesses of earth.

When frost has changed its golden tints,

the heads still lift their fluffy gray to the sky and thus defy the wintry storm.

I am sure many will, with me, wish and hope to see it adopted as the national emblem, and no doubt, ere long, some gifted American poet will sing its beauties in words and measures which will warrant them a place among national lyrics.

MANCHESTER.

A. L.

AN INQUIRY.

Ella R. Wood, in her article on "Butter-Making" in the *HOUSEHOLD* of Dec. 22nd, 1888, says she draws the buttermilk from butter when it is the size of small shot. Now I would like her to explain in the *HOUSEHOLD* how she does it. I think several besides myself would be instructed by her doing so. I follow her plan in butter-making until it comes to that; having a Wilson creamery and barrel churn; but cannot draw off milk without butter going with it, until it is gathered in lumps too large to go out of the cork-hole. SUBSCRIBER.

MILFORD.

AN ENERGETIC PROTEST.

I cannot help wondering where Mrs. Bidwell gets her information. Can the simple right of franchise given to women work the wonders that she promises? We all know that intemperance, although a great evil, is not responsible for all that she charges it with. Our asylums for the insane are not filled with inebriates, and it is a waste of words to make such a statement. My home is not far distant from the Eastern Asylum, and I have personally known many who have been taken there for treatment, but not one of all the number were either intemperate themselves or had their ancestors been addicted to such habits. As well might she condemn religion, for, in my experience, some of the saddest cases were those who lost their reason during religious excitement, but no one will say that pure and undefiled religion is at fault. How can she come before the noble women of this nineteenth century, claiming that "We are sinking lower every day?" If that were true it would be our own fault and the ballot would never redeem us, but we can thank God heartily that it is not so.

How can she look around on our steadily increasing prosperity, and assert that "Our nation is fast becoming a nation of poverty and crime," when even the smallest farmer and the day laborer has, and can pay for, the comforts that are now considered necessities but were, in the days of our own parents, almost unattainable luxuries?

Will crime be stamped out by giving the ballot to women? Are not our criminals largely men who are studying to get "something for nothing," to live without work, who rob and murder, wreck trains and explode bombs to get money without earning it by the sweat of their brow? They will do anything for money, and they do not even sell whisky except for that purpose, and will giving the ballot to women change this mad haste to be rich? She says we "toil for the millionaire," but when millionaire Hutchinson sent the price of wheat up was not every small farmer with

his one hundred bushels or less for sale, proportionately benefited?

The only women that I have ever known who really cared to vote were those who were anxious to vote for prohibition, and I feel that the brothers are wise in withholding the ballot until women can look the matter squarely in the face, and not, in their over-anxiety, make a bad matter worse. The insinuation that the women who are satisfied with the existing laws are "bad ones," is really "the unkindest cut of all," and I for one resent it. Again, how a true wife can assert that a mother, be she ever so loving and noble and good, is the best friend that "they have or ever can have," is something that I cannot understand.

It is the dawning of a grander life;
Another name you have—the name of wife.
There's no relation in this world so near,
There's not a station that is half so dear,
There's not an office, seek it where you will,
Higher or holier than the one you fill.

WASHINGTON.

EL SEE.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Hot bread is not, *per se*, injurious; the trouble is it is good and we eat too much of it; it is fresh, and soft, and we do not masticate it thoroughly. It is not more unhealthful than any other article of food, properly eaten.

PHYSICIANS now argue that most of the ills connected with a baby's second summer arises from the fact that he has just attained the age when he begins to have a greater variety of diet than has heretofore been given. The simple food before given him is now supplemented by tastes of food prepared for his elders, he partakes with a relish which induces more and more to be given him, and suffers in consequence. When a child is doing well and growing strong on a simple diet of bread and milk, there is no sense in giving him meat, potatoes, eggs, simply because his teeth have come. His intestines are undergoing changes during the teething period that render experiments in diet extremely hazardous.

Contributed Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup New Orleans molasses and one cup pale brown sugar, boil together gently for five minutes; cool and add two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar; one cup butter and lard mixed; one-half cup cold water; heaping teaspoonful soda, same each of ginger and cinnamon. Mix hard; roll thin; bake quick. I can endorse Beatrix's recipe for fried-cakes, for I have often used the same rule to the satisfaction of myself and family.

FENTON.

M. A. F.

STICKS.—One cup of scalded milk; one-fourth cup butter; one tablespoonful sugar; one-half teaspoonful salt; one-fourth yeast cake dissolved in three tablespoonfuls water; white of one egg, and about four cups flour. Mix and knead; then roll out long and slender, about the size of your little finger; using as little flour as possible; put them an inch apart in the pan, let rise. Much depends on baking these. Bake twenty minutes in a slow oven, then quicken the heat and brown them. At Mallory's, a "tony" caterer's in this city, these crisp "sticks" are served with oysters instead of crackers, and are voted an improvement.

BEATRIX.